

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT"

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OFF FOR CLAY SPRINGS.

THE WINDS.

Out of the North the wind blew screaming
A hurry and flurry of snow,
The jingle of bells and the stars' cold gleaming,
The red of the hearth-fire glow.

Out of the East the wind came singing,
The rythm was bold and free,
The hiss of rain in the wave-troughs bringing,
The blast in the rigging at sea.



KNOWLES HALL.

Out of the West the wind came winging
A melody all the day long,
The sound of scythes in the tall grain swinging,
The lilt of a harvest song.

Out of the South the winds came soughing,
The rythm was soft and low,
The song of a bird and a breeze's wooing,
The scent of a rose ablow.

—F. L. DICKENSON.

SOME FACTORS OF SUCCESS.

Reading and observation suggest the elements of success. This is a comparative term, yet so plain it needs no defining. Success is not fame. The twenty-nine names already chosen to be inscribed in the Hall of Fame henceforth will be pre-eminently visible. These names have more dignity than the names of private Smith and farmer Jones, whose sphere is small and whose labor common. All famous men have been successful; but all successful men are not famous. Ambitious youths are more interested in how success may be attained than in just what it is. Mirabeau has said, "Why should we feel ourselves to be men, unless it be to succeed in everything, everywhere. You must say of nothing, That is beneath me, nor feel that anything can be out of your power. Nothing is impossible to the man who can will. Is that necessary? That shall be:—this is the only law of success." This law adhered to, will bring out the best in a man. But it is constantly modified by individual limitations. The eagle soars whereso'er it pleases. Man is bound to the earth; he cannot get away. He may or may not be endowed with great powers; "the gate of gifts has closed behind him." Yet while men are bound by their own limitations, they are free to succeed within their boundaries. If man is ordinarily a pendent to events, awkwardly and but half attached to them; yet he can, by force of character and exercise of latent power conquer circumstances and control the events vital to himself. The poet Campbell said that a man accustomed to work, was equal to any achievement he resolved on, and that for himself, necessity, not inspiration, was the prompter of his muse.

Events may so conspire as to make an opportunity which one person may see but respond to so slowly that it passes unused. Another with more alacrity, seizes the opportunity and hastens on to fame. A man of positive power will not

wait for events to open a door, but will make a way for himself. Garfield says, "Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up." If you want an opportunity, make it. Make it as did the shepherd boy Ferguson, as did George Stephenson, as did Napoleon in a hundred situations to timid men impossible. But these men are rare. It is no less possible to succeed by seizing opportunities; in fact, many more men succeed by stepping in at the right time. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Every life is full of opportunities that may be improved by prompt, earnest, and zealous action. How priceless is every responsibility thrust upon strength and honor! Florence Nightingale found in war, the great evil, her opportunity. Elizabeth Fry recognized her opportunity in Newgate, where in a single ward, she saw three or four hundred women, old and young, and even little girls huddled together awaiting trial. A just tribute to Mrs. Frye is that, in four score years, her plan of prison reform has been adopted throughout the civilized world. True success crowns the hero on the field of peace. In times of quiet, evil influences of a subtle nature work rapidly to undermine the state. Every storm is preceded by a calm. Worthy are the men and women who discern these evils and crush them as they arise. That is the true success which works unceasingly to eradicate evil.

Many a man or woman might double his or her influence and success by being more sympathetic. Kindly courtesy and winning manners, who can measure their power! They procure for their possessor admission to all ranks of society; gain favor in all spheres of activity; and contribute more to the joy of the world than all mere material possessions. Some one has said that when Dickens entered a room it was like the kindling of a big fire, by which every one was warmed. Madame de Stael possessed such exquisite manners, that her presence was like the sunshine, and "when she had passed it was like the ceasing of exquisite music." With the magic of her indefinable tact and grace, she shaped careers and defied Napoleon at the height of his power. Madame de Stael was not at all

beautiful. A fine manner more than atones for defects of nature. The most fascinating person is never the one of greatest physical beauty, but the one of most charming manners. "Handsome is as handsome does," says the old maxim. But kindly manners, to be effective must be genuine, the outward expression of character; mere politeness can never be a substitute for moral excellence. Courtesy is the natural expression of a lofty soul.

Character is the basis of all true success. It works in the smallest affairs and private relations. It is the prime factor, the incomputable agent in all cases. Who studies the secret of the power of Napoleon learns that it was force within the man; that power drew men of all ranks to him and compelled them to be his servants.

Byron says: "The spirit of a single mind makes that of multitudes take one direction, as roll the waters to the breathing wind." Power is the goal of success. Political influence and titles of honor have been bought and have perished with the purchaser. Others have gained both by merit of character. Altho' the bodies of Luther, Washington, and Gladstone are dust, yet their names are synonyms for worth, and their influence grows with the passing years. The deeds of these men reveal only the smallest part of their personal weight.

Emerson says: "The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means." The true measure of a man is not what he possesses, but what he is and does. Voltaire said that he knew of no great men except those who have rendered great services to the human race. Force of character is measured by resistance of circumstances. Poverty has been the greatest blessing to many a youth. Many noble characters have risen to eminence thro combat with adversity.

Another factor of success is self-reliance. The Bible teaches us not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. We need to test our ability with the utmost care before we depend upon it. Yet no one can be a better judge

of individual powers than the individual himself. One sets his own stamp and the world rates him accordingly. Every new company or society into which he enters, looks into his face and observes his manners to discover his estimate of himself. Every person owes it to himself to place the highest estimate consistent with truth, upon his own powers. William Pitts said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." That was not a vain boast, for he did save it. When John C. Calhoun was ridiculed for his hard study in Yale College, he replied, "Why, sir, I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself credibly when in Congress." The boys laughed and he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day!" This speech was not egotism; it was but a loyal recognition of his own power, proved by his subsequent career. Nothing is more paralyzing to personal advancement and usefulness than an utter lack of self-confidence. He is already defeated who thinks he can do nothing. He who thinks he *can* is already strengthened for the contest; the victory is won and the reward received ere the doubtful has made up his mind to action. Self-assertion is positively essential to success in the higher spheres of activity, but this presupposes a "self" to be asserted. That self is moral character. Without that to begin with, what at first seems to be real advancement is soon found to be only apparent. The eyes of the world see clearly; and sooner or later all affectation falls as a sorry mantle, leaving him who wore it exposed to just ridicule. This is a busy world, a lively age, and men have no time to hunt about in obscure corners for retiring merit. The world will take a man at his own estimate until he proves himself unworthy. All know how the world admires courage and manliness, and despises a young man who goes about "with an air of perpetual apology for the unpardonable sin of being in the world." If you would succeed, believe in yourself.

Emerson declares that "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine. * * * You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade, in short in all management of human affairs. One of the high anecdotes of the world is the reply of Newton to the inquiry "how he had been able to achieve his discoveries?" "By always intending my mind."

Persistency, as a factor of success, must not be disregarded. It is the long pull, the steady pull that wins. For a steady light a candle is better than a meteor. Seven miles of hard limestone have yielded to the erosive force of Niagara Falls. It would require volumes to narrate the achievements of patient labor; the pyramids of Egypt and the great wall of China are monuments not of tyranny alone, but also of persistence. Annihilated space and the harnessed lightning, wonders of the nineteenth century, have been achieved by persistent effort. In fact, the great lesson of difficulty is the necessity of redoubled exertion; of danger to give us fresh courage; of impossibilities to inspire us to the enforcement of victory.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

W. BYRON HATHAWAY.

A BRIDGE BUILDER.

Rudyard Kipling's greatest story is the "Bridge Builders." And great is the bridge builder, for he can make as the tiniest rill at one's feet, the great, yawning, foaming floods, with

their untold capacity for ruin and destruction in their hurling depths.

Ludlow, as a boy, had about this idea of a man who could build a bridge. His grandfather had built bridges in the old time when the only metal about a bridge was in the cumbersome hand made nails, and these were not always used, for oaken pins were nearly as good. Not that the bridges were not good; they were, and are, for many of them are still in service. Ludlow's father was a school teacher who always apologized. He grounded the boy well in mathematics, which is the best thing to be said of him, and soon died. The boy never apologized, hated a country school, and determined to be a bridge builder. After a while, when he had saved money enough to cover the expenses of the long-desired year at a technical school, he had an acute attack of "go" fever. He started West; the hard-earned school money was broken into for transportation. The usual thing that happens to any man who starts for any place expecting to find there much money for the plucking, happened to him. He went broke, and finally felt himself the luckiest fellow in the country when he picked up a job on a railroad surveying party as axeman, taking the place of a man who had the bad, or good luck to fall ill at the last moment. Thereafter he used an axe until his proficiency was something wonderful, for he believed in mastering everything he undertook, and he had months of the practice which is said to make perfect.

The men for whom he was working were of the very best sort, generous and optimistic, hard workers and of clean lives. They were not slow to discover that the new axeman could do something more than cut brush. And in the evenings Ludlow would do the drudgery of the never ending mathematical calculations necessary in the work. Later he did the clerical work of the outfit, and even some independent work, which placed him almost on an equal footing with his chiefs. Then he advanced a step or two in the clearly defined grades of promotion peculiar to an engineering party on important but isolated work. His work was not easy. He did not have a

Wellsbach light and an easy chair to make the evening's work with his papers rest and relaxation. He sat down on a log or box by the fire and pencilled and pencilled until his eyes ached and he wished he could change places with the cook on the other side of the fire, who was preparing the early breakfast, for they turned out before it was really morning. But through the day he looked forward to the restful evening by the fire, for there were things that made life miserable in the daytime, as poisonous plants and mosquitoes. Also there were grizzlies, and curious, brownish black bears who would look at him a minute, and then go bounding off over the brush like a rabbit jumping over long grass. At first he carried a revolver which he had bought on his way out to the new country, for his only impressions of the West had been obtained from newspaper accounts, and these had been particularly lurid just before his departure.

The cook, who was neither a negro nor a Frenchman with a waxed mustache, but a great six-footed, red-shirted plainsman, watched the operation with an indulgent smile. "Lord, man, where *did* you get that tinwah toy?" said he, going to the back of the supply wagon and pulling out an ugly old black barrelled Colt that looked big enough to swallow the "tinwah toy," lock, stock, and barrel. "Now that is what I call a gun." He didn't even wipe it off on his sleeve, (Ludlow had been rubbing his "toy" with a clean red handkerchief,) but tossed it back on to the blankets in the wagon. After that Ludlow did not carry his nice new nickel-plated revolver, and when he soon had a chance to trade it for a second-hand field book, he felt much relieved to get rid of what might have been almost a white elephant on his hands.

Once Ludlow undertook to carry the mail down the valley to the nearest postoffice, forty miles distant. The party had broken their own trail, for the country was absolutely new, except for hunters and the like. A few miles below the camp, the trail crossed the river at a convenient ford and kept on the right hand side of the river all the way down.

He started out with a blanket and the waterproof package

containing the letters, a small can of corned beef, and a few very heavy saleratus biscuit. The cook had been ill, and one of the helpers had tried his 'prentice hand at cooking. Ludlow said afterwards that the biscuit were the heaviest things in his outfit. He carried no weapon, for the cook and axemen and helpers carried guns only when they went to town on pay day, and they would have laughed if he had wanted a weapon for this little jaunt in the woods. Besides he did not like to borrow, for he never apologized, and borrowing is an aggravated form of apology.

He reached the ford about noon, and found the river too high to be crossed and still rising. He ate dinner and waited for something to turn up, either a boat or a party with horses; for often prospective speculators followed the route of the surveyors to pick out desirable bits of real estate along the line, and the river could yet be crossed on horseback. No luck of that sort was in store for him; in the middle of the afternoon, he turned down stream to follow the narrow strip of land between the river and the foot of the steep bluff. Along this the river flowed until it met a tributary, which by centuries of constant wear had destroyed the bluff and distributed it piece-meal along the way, making a broader valley with gently sloping sides. In an ordinary stage of water there was a narrow strip of beach along the river's edge, making fairly good traveling for a woodsman. Now the higher water forced him back into the nearly impenetrable underbrush at the foot of the bluff. That afternoon he made four miles. He knew it was four miles, for step by step he had worked up the other side of the river and every landmark was familiar. He had biscuit and beef for supper in a little open place at the foot of the bluff, up as far as he could go, because he was afraid the river might rise in the night. The sputtering of the raindrops on his fire awakened him from his first sleep, and the water streaming from the rim of his soft felt hat under his coat collar was very cold indeed. Ludlow had been in the woods long enough not to mind this very much, and he was well hardened to all sorts of weather, so his chief anxiety was for

the letters, He wrapped the precious bundle in his blanket and fixed it securely in the tree above him, heaped up his fire with the wet wood, and went to sleep in the rain. Next morning the rain had stopped, but the woods were wet and cold. The can of beef was full of rain water, but he poured it out, ate enough of the beef to neutralize the sodden biscuit, and started on. His progress was very slow, for the woods were thick with vines and fallen trees, which had collected the floating debris of a large river at high water, forming entanglements and barriers that were well nigh impassable. To add to his troubles, every little while he caught a glimpse of the well broken road on the other side, carefully cleared of trees and brush, a road rough and hilly, but which had the redeeming feature of being absolutely unswerving.

At noon he had advanced five more hard miles, and was completely fagged out. He had more rain-soaked biscuit and beef for dinner, and felt utterly discouraged when he started into the brush again. This afternoon he lost some time by exploring several promising breaks in the bluff, by which he hoped to gain the top and make better progress. But in every case the breaks as he neared the top became too steep to be passed, and he returned to the river level. About an hour before sundown he met one of the brownish, black bears sunning herself and playing with a cub in a sunshiny glade. The bear started off rather hurriedly with long leaps over the brush, leaving the cub to slip along as best it could under the brush, but they both had the advantage of the man, who could neither crawl under nor leap over. Before they were out of hearing the bears slackened their speed, and for a time he could hear them breaking the brush ahead. About sundown Ludlow came to an open spot at the foot of a break in the bluff, in which he found the tracks of the bears escaping to the woods above. He tried to go on, for he did not like the idea of camping for the night on that bear path, but just ahead the woods seemed unusually dense in the twilight, so he stayed, and, notwithstanding bear tracks, slept soundly through the night.

This was about two miles from the mouth of the tributary

before mentioned, which he reached early on the morning of the third day, out of food, for the last bit had been eaten for a meager breakfast. Just twenty miles from camp! The smaller stream was unfordable at its mouth, and Ludlow went up along its bank until he found a place where the water was about to his armpits. As a precaution, for he could not swim, he filled his blanket with a heavy load of stones, to prevent the current, which was very swift, as in all mountain streams, from sweeping him off his feet. Once on the other side, Ludlow soon struck a trail, and a few miles farther on he borrowed a horse at a small prospecting camp, and reached the town in time for a late but very welcome dinner at the one uninviting hostelry. He went back next day by the trail without any trouble, riding one of the animals in the pack train which supplied the camp, and carried a letter to one of the engineers ordering him to the State of Washington. This was in Montana. This engineer, for whom Ludlow had special regard, chose him as his assistant in a new party, thus promoting him several grades.

The work in Washington was harder, but Ludlow was not obliged to work so hard in his advanced position. However, disagreeable features were not lacking. At certain seasons of the year the rainfall is constant in some districts of the State. And, then, on that trip the camp was changed at long intervals, necessitating a great deal of hard tramping morning and evening. Sometimes, when the day's work meant a three hours walk in the morning, three or four hours at surveying, and then three hours more back to camp, Ludlow would stay out in the woods all night without supper, and wonder why the camp was not moved more frequently. He never found out, but always affirmed that the chief, who spent most of his time in camp, was too indolent to have the camp changed oftener.

The next winter he spent in Minnesota, on the line of "Jimmy" Hill's Great Northern R'y. This time he was running a transit, which was not very comfortable work when the thermometer was below zero. The party lived in tents all winter long, with the mercury way below zero most of the

time. It was not so bad when the snow was deep and dry, packing around the tents, and keeping out the wind and cold ; but before the snow came, or when the wind had blown it away, or the sun had melted it late in the spring, then the cold winds found them through every mesh in the tent, and life seemed almost an impossibility. During the long winter evenings, the group around the stove in the Sibley tent would squeeze as near as possible to the red hot iron box, half frozen and half baked, sometimes playing poker, the loser to bring in the next armful of stove wood.

But the winter passed—as winters have a habit of doing—and with it apparently the last of Ludlow's hardships, for his good work brought its reward, and soon he was on his way to join another party in the interior of Mexico. One of the young fellows in this party had an uncle, or cousin, or someone else, who had a very strong pull with the powers that just then happened to be, and consequently this fellow did not feel the responsibility of his position as he should. So one day he transgressed the invisible barrier which surrounds and isolates the women of certain tribes and castes in interior Mexico, by snapping with his Kodak a picturesque domestic scene on a Mexican wash day, in which the family of the Alcade of the neighboring village figured prominently. This in itself was not a grievous crime, but unfortunately, the thoughtless fellow showed one of the proofs to several of the villagers. This aroused the righteous wrath of the alcalde, or native mayor, and he, being about nine-tenths Indian, went on the warpath forthwith. Having some show of legal authority and absolute control over his own village, he was in a fair way to make it decidedly uncomfortable for the band of Americanos, and even to endanger seriously the Railway Company's concession, provided he could attract the attention of the higher authorities to this unwarrantable and unheard of violation of his family privacy.

In his perplexity the chief engineer went to the non-commissioned officer in charge of the local detachment of rural police. This gentleman had a few more drops of Spanish blood in his veins than the Alcalde. "These natives make the

deuce of a fuss when they get well stirred up," he said, in a manner meant to be comforting, "and I advise you to hustle the offender out of the country as soon as possible." The chief was loth to do this, for the young fellow had been entrusted to his care, and besides he knew that to send him home would put him in exceedingly bad odor with the power who was uncle, or cousin to the culprit. If it had been any one else the chief would have fired him on the spot; but, and then naturally it occurred to him, why not fire some one else? He went to Ludlow and carefully explained the situation to him, and offered him a much better position in the States if he would accept it immediately, and ride north out of camp that night as if he expected to have the entire Indian village on his heels. When the fellow with the relative, who was a power, heard of this, he was very indignant, for he was really a very good fellow, and he declared that he would not allow such a compromise to be made at Ludlow's expense. In spite of his angry protests, Ludlow pulled out that night and rode hard for the nearest border town, and reached his destination in the States without trouble.

He had accepted this change mechanically, as the only course open to him, and without weighing the pros and cons; but in reality it was a blessing in disguise, for at last he was doing what he had always longed to do, building bridges. And here again he made rapid progress, for his leisure hours had been utilized in extending his knowledge of bridge building, so he brought to his work an amount of timely knowledge, which really surprised his employers. Later he worked out an original design for controlling the river currents so that they might not injure the bridge foundations by "scouring," a trick that rivers have of cutting out the earth around and beneath the piers of a bridge. His lucid and convincing explanations secured for his device a trial in which it proved more successful than even he had claimed. This brought him a certain degree of recognition among the bridge building fraternity; but he made his reputation and established himself permanently in the front rank of his profession on one of the big Ohio river railway bridges.

The best bridge engineers in the country were in consultation to determine what manner of bridge should make another link between the two great sections, which the Ohio River for ages has striven so mightily, but vainly, to separate. Ludlow attended the meetings at the suggestion of his chief, in order to become thoroughly familiar with the designs of the bridge, for he had been detailed upon the job in a subordinate position. He studied the conditions exhaustively and partly developed several designs adapted to their peculiarities. Several of the engineers knew him and heard of his good work, and at one of the meetings, one of the engineers asked his opinion upon the point in debate. It was a point to which he had given a great deal of time and thought, and he gave his method of overcoming the difficulties presented clearly and frankly ; it was by far the best and simplest of them all. Now bridge building is too serious a matter to allow egotism or any personal consideration of age or "previous condition of servitude" to count as a factor, however small ; and so the gray-haired experts with national reputations, who "knew a good thing when they saw it," asked Ludlow to develop his ideas more fully and to submit his designs, as soon as possible, for more careful examination. And so it came to pass that Ludlow built the bridge after his own design, that he took and has held his place among the Bridge Builders of the country.

The original feature of this tale is the absence of the feminine pronoun and the attendant sentimental revelations, which some have come to regard as the essential part of any tale, long or short. There was one—later, but—as Kipling says, that is another story.

M. L. BRETT.



The world is full of nameless heroes, of deeds of unconscious heroism. Let us take heart, then, remembering that to the lowliest lot, the narrowest sphere, there is ever open, a field as broad and unlimited as that of the unknown widow of Jerusalem.—L. L. R.

THE FORMATION OF FLORIDA.

Very few of the many visitors who spend a few weeks or months in Florida every season give any thought to the topography of the state, or show the slightest interest in the wonderful geological changes which gave this state its existence. Florida appeals to them as a land of sunshine and flowers. But Florida is also of interest to the geologist, for in many points it differs in formation and appearance from any other part of our broad country. All the other peninsulas of the continent have a distinctly mountainous character, while Florida is composed of low flat lands rising only a few feet above the level of the sea. The other peninsulas are composed of old rocks, while Florida shows many evidences of a comparatively recent formation.

The origin of this peculiar fold or uplift rising out of the deep waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf is naturally the first point that attracts our attention. Different theories have been advanced from time to time to account for it, but until recently none has been found that has proven satisfactory. According to Prof. Shaler, of Harvard and other eminent authorities, Florida is simply the uplifted bottom of the sea. It is a well known fact that the portion of the ocean now the Gulf of Mexico has received from time immemorial immense deposits of earth and sediment from the great rivers which flow into it. These deposits in the course of time became thickly distributed over the bed of the sea, and by their weight caused a general depression of the bottom throughout the entire region. As the bottom gradually sank, a counter-thrust was produced which resulted in the appearance of Florida, Yucatan, and perhaps some of the Islands of the West Indies above the sea level.

The interior of the state may be divided into three distinct parts. First comes the southern portion below the Everglades, where the soil is principally an accumulation of drifting sands collected behind the coral reefs which form its eastern border. As we go farther north, the Lake region is entered and this

again gives place in the extreme northern part to a region where lakes are almost unknown, and where the few that are found are simply small bodies of water which have almost been obliterated by encroaching swamps.

The Lake region proper extends from the vicinity of Waldo to Lake Kissimmee and includes a territory about eighty miles wide and two hundred long in which the lakes may be counted to the number of several thousand. They vary in size from bodies of water fifteen or twenty miles in diameter to others only a few feet across.

In connection with the lakes may be mentioned the so called sinks or sink-holes, which are common in some counties of the state. These are formed by the erosion of the limestone rock which forms their foundation. Some of them exceed three hundred feet in depth, and are in all probability connected by under-ground passages with distant lakes or rivers, as the water with which they are filled very rarely stands on a level with the surface of the surrounding lakes.

The Lake region also abounds in large springs from which the water flows in sufficient quantities to form rivers of considerable size. The water in most of these springs is impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen. The waters of Clay Springs and of Silver Springs near Ocala are noted for their clearness, for it is said that a small piece of money can be seen on the bottom thirty or forty feet below the surface. At Clay Springs there are six different openings, and as the water from some of these differs in temperature and analysis from that of the others, it is reasonable to suppose that they have entirely different sources.

The land in the Lake region assumes a characteristic appearance common to all regions which have been submerged and which have suddenly been raised above the surface of the sea. Prof Shaler says:—"It appears to me that the most reasonable explanation of these tossed sands which form the rolling surface of this part of the country, is justified by the supposition that the whole of Florida has recently been beneath the level of the sea, and that during this period of submergence the Gulf Stream swept across this portion of the

peninsula drifting the sands by the action of its current into this complicated topography." It is also his opinion that the sand which we find on the surface shows evidences of greater age than the underlying soil, showing that it has been imported from a considerable distance.

The Florida coast line shows few evidences of the presence of the coral insect, except along the eastern border from Cape Florida to Jupiter Inlet. Much of this coral has been raised fifteen or twenty feet above the sea level, giving further evidence that Florida was once much lower than at present. This reef acts somewhat as a barrier to the waters in the southern part of the State, holding back considerable water and causing much of the swamp land in the Everglades and around the head of the St. Johns river. If a canal could be dug from the Everglades to the ocean with a depth of twenty feet, much valuable land could be reclaimed for agricultural purposes.

The mineral resources of the State are comparatively limited. Of chief importance is the phosphate industry, which during the past ten years has grown to considerable magnitude. The phosphates are classed as hard and soft, the former consisting of rock in various forms, and the latter of soft, finely divided, friable substance. The rock contains, as a rule, a good percentage of phosphoric acid and has proved for many mining companies a profitable investment.

A few valuable beds of Fuller's earth, kaolin, cement, and whiting have been discovered, but up to the present time little has been done toward developing them.

Clay beds are plentifully scattered over the State. These are useful in furnishing road material with which many miles of good roads have been built, replacing the heavy sand roads that are such a drawback to travel in our State.

In fact, all of Florida's mineral resources are at present undeveloped and there is no doubt that when they are extensively opened up they will be of vast importance from a commercial standpoint.

N. L. B.

OUR VIEW OF ATHENS.

On Thursday afternoon, March fifteenth, the New England on which we sailed came to anchor in the Bay of Salamis, where centuries ago Xerxes was defeated by the Athenian fleet. As I sat on deck that afternoon, I could not refrain from wondering what Xerxes would think could he look down upon the New England, with her huge bulk nearly filling the harbor. A fresh wind was blowing, making it dangerous to enter the snug harbor of Piræus, but on awaking Friday morning we found ourselves safe within the narrow breakwater. We landed in quaint sail boats and went directly to the station to take the train for Athens, which is about five miles distant. On the way we passed several cottages and neat little villas resembling those of the summer resorts along our Northern coasts. Soon we were at the historic city—the long anticipated Athens.

Our first impulse was to hasten to the Acropolis, which towers just back of the modern city. We walked from the little station by the Theseum, stopping just long enough to inspect the ruins, which are the best preserved of any in Athens, and then, too intent to follow the circuitous street, we went directly over Mars Hill to the Acropolis. At last we stood upon this famous rock of which we had seen pictures, and had read and dreamed for months. We could not realize as we walked up the crumbling steps of the Propylæ that we were approaching the majestic ruins of the Pantheon. In front of this temple native Greeks were hammering on Pentelic marble, to be used in restoring or supporting different parts; and where the renowned pediment must have been, was set a staging on which more workmen were busy. On the northern side of the Acropolis stands the temple of the Erechthium, and on the west side and just to the right of the Propylæ rises the little Temple of Wingless Victory.

From this center of interest we take carriages and drive by the stadium, or race course, of Modern Athens, occupying the space where it is supposed the Ancient Olympic games

were celebrated, and where only a few years ago some American athletes distinguished themselves. The stadium is an open amphitheatre built in U-shaped form, with stone seats extending all around and including the race track. Several of our energetic companions ran a foot race around the course.

Then we went to the Hotel Bretagne for luncheon, which seemed to us excellent after our experience in the Orient. During the afternoon we took a drive around the city and observed the curious contrast of the Ancient with the Modern Athens. For instance, near the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, which is in the midst of the new city, is a windmill advertising the place of its origin, "Freeport, Ill., U. S. A." This is only one of the many instances in which the old mingles with the new.

Although Athens once possessed the wonders of the sculptor's art, not only of Greece but also of the whole world, yet to-day little of this remains to attest the Athenians' love of the beautiful. All the theatres and temples have been robbed of their statues, which may be found in the many museums scattered throughout Europe. The largest collection was taken away by Lord Elgin, in the early part of the nineteenth century, and presented by him to the British Museum. In the museum at Athens only copies of these wonderful masterpieces are to be seen. Most attractive to me were the wonderful excavations of Dr. Schliemann.

On the south slope of the Acropolis, not far apart, are the two great theatres of Athens, the theatre of Herodes and that of Dionysus. The latter, which is most noted, is greatly dilapidated. The lowest row of seats bordering on the orchestra consists of marble chairs for the nobility. These are well preserved and on many of them the name of the owner can still be distinguished.

One of the strangest sights in the streets of Athens is the policeman. I saw one near the stadium. On his head was a dark red fez with a black tassel hanging down to his shoulder. His legs were dressed in close fitting white trousers with black ribbon garters around the knee, on which were more black

tassels. Around his waist was a short skirt standing out like that of a ballet dancer and reaching only half way to the knee. A black coat, extending part way over the skirt, partially concealed a short sword; shoes turned up at the toe like a Venetian gondola completed the costume. However, we became accustomed to this grotesque dress, as we saw many of the native Athenians with costumes differing from it but slightly.

It was with great reluctance that we all went aboard the New England again. But notwithstanding our regrets at leaving Athens, the beautiful sail down the harbor of Salamis partly consoled us, and we watched the hills of Greece until darkness hid them from view.

CLARA BURLEIGH.

VALUE OF ATHLETIC TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

Broader ideas regarding the mode of preparing our women for life's duties are to-day held than were held two or three generations ago. The chief endeavor on the part of parents has been to develop in their daughter all the aesthetical qualities, while the training of the practical part of her nature, if not held as absolutely *undesirable* for her welfare, was at least not considered to be at all *essential*. In fact, the exhibition of any very practical ideas on the part of the girl was held to be rather unwomanly than otherwise. Games for a girl were held to be undignified, and she was early taught that her pleasures and the pleasures of her brother were widely divergent. It is a universal law that in just as far as we oppose nature do *we ourselves* suffer; the girl allowed to follow her natural inclinations, within a rational limit, is developed in the natural way. The fact that a child *has* the desire to play is proof enough that this desire was implanted in the child as a means of development of certain qualities, just as the desire for food is implanted in us as a means of developing our physical being.

Women are said to be naturally "dependent." This is

true, only in so far as the parent has at last made dependence natural, by generations of adherence to the conservative rules regarding the education of the girl ; as a result we see so many women of nervous temperament, lacking in self-control and self-possession. The very necessity of defending and depending on himself in his games has implanted and developed in the boy endurance, courage and self-dependence ; qualities, which are the foundation of success in life.

We have gradually been brought to realize that only by developing the body by as scientific and thorough means as the mind, does one reach the highest development of true manhood or womanhood. To-day the girl is allowed the same healthful competition in athletics as is the boy, and, as a result of this greater freedom given her, has developed into a healthy, courageous, self-possessed, and self-reliant woman, still retaining all the æsthetic qualities of her fair ancestor.

Of the indoor athletic games used in Women's Colleges to-day, basket-ball has, I think, given the best results. It has succeeded in creating and developing in woman an athletic spirit ; and the enthusiasm it arouses cannot be questioned. In this game, the powers of endurance and attention are developed to their utmost, and too, a woman must abandon all thought of self. The positions of guard and center call for endurance, quick perception, and quick movement ; the position of forward calls for concentration, quickness, and accuracy. Thus if basket ball is used intelligently, the players being placed by some one having a knowledge of their individual needs, much benefit may be derived from the game.

The out-of-door athletic games in which women have taken interest in the past few years are tennis and golf. The value of tennis is generally known, so little needs to be said in its favor. When golf was first introduced in this country, the former game became less popular, but it is gradually increasing in popularity and regaining the prominence it formerly held in athletics. Indeed, there are too few good games for us to allow one so valuable to go out. We cannot claim all for one particular game. Each game possesses a particular value,

and while both tennis and golf train the eye, develop the power of endurance, and afford a means of obtaining good all-around exercise in the fresh air, the former game requires quickness and the latter concentration. Hence tennis should be regarded as the better game for a person lacking energy, and golf as the better game for the nervous, highly excitable person.

Tennis was played by men for several years before women became interested. But for some years previous to the introduction of golf into this country, women had been making records for themselves in the former game, and thus at the advent of something new they were prepared to show interest and enthusiasm equal to that of the men.

Therefore golf has the advantage of being received with equal readiness by both men and women, and is doubly valuable in that they are learning the game together. It is competition of this sort—where the pleasures of the girl and the pleasures of the boy combine in a healthful game—that will be the means of creating a greater sympathy between them, and which will result in a generation of men and women who will better understand one another.

BIRD NOTES FROM NEW ENGLAND.

The spring of 1893 will long be memorable to me, as one which introduced me to much of beauty in color, form, and song. I well recollect the first bird that I identified. He came with the dandelions, as I then thought. His bright yellow feather coat, set off with black wings and tail and crowned with a little black cap, flashed in and out among the tender green of the larches from whose fresh cones he was gathering his morning meal, singing the while a sweet canary-like song of love and beauty. As I have said, I thought he had just come; but when in the fall of that same year I saw him in a sombre coat of dingy brown, the black wings a trifle rusty and his bosom gray with age, getting his scanty meal from the seeds of the dry sunflower; and later still, when a flock of

these same birds tried in vain to keep their footing on the ice-crusted fields, I knew that my friend was not a new arrival in the spring, but is with us all the year. When the first dandelions come he dons his spring coat of bright yellow, but as the earth grows brown and bare, he changes his clothing to match these sombre hues. His song heard from the lofty branch of a tree is like that of a canary, but he also sings in the ecstasy of flight as he swings up and down high in the blue ether. Have you guessed his name? *Spinus tristis*, Goldfinch, of the family of the *Fringillidae*, the largest family of North American birds.

My next friend, a member of the same family, was the Chipping Sparrow. His dress is not so brilliant as that of his yellow brother: a back, best known to me as Sparrow brown—really a mixture of black, rufous and gray—with a breast of soft grayish white, and his head crowned with a dainty cap of chestnut. This and his black forehead and bill are marked characteristics. There is a white ribbon over the eye and a black one from the base of the bill backward through the eye, which distinguish him from his fellows. Those same sharp eyes that can see from a tree, a horse hair lying in the path, give him his more common name of horse hair bird. One spring I saw a nest in the apple tree of a neighbor, who had been very particular earlier in the season to put up against this tree a large, plain sign, "no trespassing on these grounds." Curiously enough, the branch against which the warning stood, led directly to the home of Mrs. Chipping Sparrow and her little household, whom I have watched many a time from a distance with the aid of a glass. The song of the male is one prolonged trill, very much like the noise of a cicada in the heat of August. You can hear it almost any time of day in its season and often as the shades of night are stealing over mountain and bay, "chippy" can be seen with his tiny head turned upward to catch the last ray of light from the evening sky, trilling his long "good night."

We have two sweet singers in this same family, in the Purple Finch and the Indigo-Bird. You might not think that purple and blue should be named so near together, but the

Purple Finch is not purple at all. This bird, not quite so long as our Song Sparrow, is of a rosy red, with white on the belly and wings, and tail a brownish fuscous, the outer web of the feathers edged with rosy-red. He is a garden bird and the morning I identified him was pouring forth his sweet song from the top of a tree against which leaned the sign of this place "For sale." I fancy that neither he nor his song could be bought for money, free-hearted singer of the air.

The Indigo-Bird, only a few hundredths of an inch longer than the Chipping Sparrow, is one of the few *blue* birds with which our New England trees and bushes abound. He is a dark rich blue of a metallic lustre with black wings and tail. I heard his sweet song for the first time just before the sun set on a July evening. Looking for the singer, I found *two* Indigo-Birds sitting on the telegraph wires near the house. First one and then the other would fly down into the bushes beneath them to encourage his mate, as it were, while she looked after her little family and then alighting again on the wires would sing a song of love almost *sotto voce*. The stillness of the hour, the setting sun, the dark woods near by, and these two little birds sitting side by side, breathing out their hearts to their patient loves below is a picture not easily effaced from my memory.

The Maryland Yellow Throat is one of the most abundant of our warblers, and easily distinguished. He is not so shy as some of his near relations. "Indeed," as Chapman has written of him, "you have only to pause near his home, when he will meet you half way." He has a nervous, energetic hop, all the time saying "Chit, Pit, Quit" as he moves about in the alder bushes. His song sounds to me like "Wichita, Wichita, Wichita." Once in August, toward evening, I went down to the "Gully," as we called it, a narrow passage through the bushy banks to the salt water. Over its gravelly path had trickled a rivulet, nearly dry at this time of year. Little pools of water were standing in hollow places and here the birds were accustomed to come in the early morning and late afternoon to drink and bathe. I must have seen as many as a dozen different kinds of birds here at one time. As I

waited for—I knew not what—I saw Mrs. Maryland Yellow Throat in a bush on the left side and heard and saw *him* in the bushes on the right. All at once he flew straight up into the air, singing an entirely different song from any I had ever heard before, and turning dropped into the bush beside her. I queried if it might not be a song of love and good cheer to her at this special moment of her timidity, but I read—in Chapman again—that “in August the Maryland Yellow Throat adds a flight song to his *repertoire*.” “This is usually heard toward evening,” he says, “when the bird springs several feet into the air, hovers for a second and then drops back to the bushes.”

Not far from this spot is Flycatcher-tangle, as we call it, a fascinating place to the bird lover. Here is a low growth of alder and other bushes with many old stumps and fallen trees. In the midst of these stands a dead tree, some forty or fifty feet in height. Here year after year for three years I had seen a Flycatcher perched on the topmost twig of this tree, and for all these long summers I had tried in vain to identify him. I knew that he must be a Flycatcher from his general coloring and actions, and I was quite sure from his size and call that he must be the Olive-sided Flycatcher. But the light seemed never quite right for us to see at that distance, even with a good glass, the olive on his sides. At last one morning I was well rewarded for my persistent efforts as I identified him without a doubt. I started out before six o'clock and just as I stole cautiously up to the “tangle” and raised my eyes to the tree where I knew he was to be, the sun came out in all his glory, and I saw the olive on the sides of my bird and I was satisfied. All unconscious of the looker-on below, he stood on that high pinnacle and preened his feathers, first on one side and then on the other, so that every part of him was displayed to view. And all the while that beautiful call rang out clearly on the still air “Whit Phoeb,” “Whit Phoebee.” One cannot soon forget such a vision as that—the peace and beauty of that morning hour and the bird from that height far above the terrors of the world below singing his pure, sweet song.

NATHALIE LORD.

THE SAND-SPUR.

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The editors of the SAND-SPUR take pleasure in submitting this issue to the students and alumni of Rollins College. We have not attempted a very elaborate production on account of the brief period allotted to us; but hope through the generous aid of our literary friends to make the Commencement number a creditable one.



About two thousand and one, some student searching deep in the archives of Rollins, collecting material for an essay on the intellectual progress of the century, will look with special interest on the records of nineteen hundred and one. By these he will judge of the advancement made at the beginning of the cycle; every little item that throws light on the customs or deportment of his predecessors will be of interest. Therefore, placed on so imposing a landmark in time, let us do our best to show the student of two thousand and one that we were active and alert.



Much to the relief of the occupants of Pinehurst the oratorical contest is over and flights of eloquence will disturb no more the silent meditations of those peace loving students. Perhaps they did not realize, unassuming as the contest was,

that it marks the beginning of a series to be held in this college year after year. An Inter-Collegiate Association has been formed and will hold its first tournament in Jacksonville on the 21st of February. This admirable organization has received the hearty support of nearly all the educational institutions of Florida. The general movement in this direction not only in this state, but also throughout the country, shows that the old time interest in oratory is reviving.



During the Xmas vacation a party of students from Rollins went hunting about fifty miles to the southeast, on Taylor's creek. They returned with glowing reports of the game that abounds in that region. Deer are especially plentiful, and the campers shot four, quite enough to supply themselves with venison. They said that it was only their dislike of being wasteful that prevented them from shooting more. This fine region for sport, comparatively, near, will probably continue to attract those students whose homes are too distant to be reached in a short vacation.



With much joy we note the recovery of Prof. Hills, whose illness for a time deprived Rollins of a popular and efficient instructor.



Has not the time arrived when Rollins students placed so near a beautiful chain of lakes, should take more interest in boating. Since Maitland run has been cleared and another extensive lake made accessible, why not organize a club and buy a commodious fleet?



THE SAND-SPUR, going to press just at the arrival of the Stetson team, wishes to extend a hearty welcome to Rollins' opponents. We are glad the game, so promising in interest, has not suffered delay.



The first Friday after school opened, a social evening at the Gymnasium gave the new-comers a chance to become acquainted, and old friends an opportunity to talk over the vacation. Many new faces were welcomed, while some of the old ones were sadly missed.

The evening of October 26th found Cloverleaf brightly lighted for the annual reception to be given by the Faculty to the students and their friends. Those of us who had been so fortunate as to have attended some of these receptions, preceding years, anticipated this event with much pleasure; and certainly no one was disappointed. The palms and greens used in decorating, formed a happy background for the receivers, who took good care that not one of their guests should have a chance to become lonely; indeed this would have been rather difficult, since the rooms were well filled and one could see friends on every side. Then when one was tired of talking, the waiters were ready with refreshing lemonade and wafers.

The Christian Endeavor social at Mr. Maxson's was well attended and greatly enjoyed. Much amusement was afforded by a row of small bottles, the contents of which were to be

guessed from the odor. Although nearly everyone was ready to guess, there were few who succeeded in naming the contents. The music, and also two or three amusing selections of Mrs. Diffenderfer added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Halloween was observed in the Gymnasium with the well known customs of the evening. The young men began the fun by having a fancy dress parade down town, after which they went to the dimly lighted Gymnasium, dimly lighted, because some mischievous spirits had borrowed the large lamps. There they found quite a number of ghostly figures whom they were to identify, and it was rather amusing to note how quickly some of the young men succeeded in this identification. After bobbing for apples for a while the ghosts disappeared and a familiar company spent the next hour in careless gaiety.

Great excitement prevailed on Election day, and at night all the students and a few townspeople assembled at the Gymnasium to hear the returns as they came from Orlando over the telephone, which had been taken from Pinehurst to the Gymnasium for that purpose. Since this was a special occasion, the students were granted special privileges, and long after the gathering broke up, music, sweet and otherwise, was heard on the campus until the poor vicutims trying to sleep were truely thankful that election night does not come every year.

Two recitals by pupils of the music department have been given in the Gymnasium. Each was attended by an appreciative audience composed of townspeople and students. The program included piano solos, played respectively by Misses Coan, Dickson, Robinson, Coombs, Brewer, Reasoner, and Lamson and Mr. Lawton; a violin solo by Miss Leonora Niewenkamp; and two songs by Mr. Harmon. Miss Rich gave each evening a short talk on the history of music, that was enjoyed by all.

Miss Bibbins wrote to a friend of hers, Mr. Henry L. Haskell, Manager Ludington Novelty Co., Michigan, in regard to his giving Cloverleaf special rates on Carrom or

Crokinole boards; and the gentleman replied that he had shipped to her, free of charge, a Carrom Gameboard, a Crown Combination Gameboard, and an Eclipse Combination board. These boards soon arrived and the young people show their appreciation of his generosity by their zealous interest in the games.

In the long list of student pleasures at Rollins, picnics to Clay Springs stand first in the estimation of those who have been fortunate enough to share them. There is something exhilarating in the hurry and bustle of an early start, and in the arrival of the large picnic wagon drawn by four horses, all ready for the drive of sixteen miles through the woods. The chute is without doubt the greatest attraction; even the most timid are usually persuaded to "go down just once." If they do not enjoy the first attempt the onlookers certainly do. Two Saturdays have been spent at the Springs by some of our young people who hope to go again before the year ends.

On the evening of January twelfth, Miss Beatrice Perkins and Mr. Orville McDonald, former students of Rollins College, were honored by a Faculty meeting, and the first wedding on the Campus was celebrated. Dr. Ward performed the ceremony assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sullivan. The President and Mrs. Ward entertained the wedding party, and bridal gifts of flowers and silver were not wanting.

ATHLETICS.

Basket ball has been the all absorbing game with the boys during the past term. This game, which has become well known only during the past two or three years, is assuming a very important place in the athletics of most of the Eastern colleges, and is now being introduced into those of the South as well.

When it was suggested that we organize a team here the idea was taken up with considerable interest, and after a few



HALEY,
PHILLIPS,
GLEASON,

BAKER, MG'R, SADLER,
LOPEZ, CAPT.,
BURRELL.

JONES, UMPIRE,
THOMPSON,
BURRELL.

PELTON,

BASKET BALL TEAM.

weeks practice the Orlando Rifles team was challenged, and a game was secured. Needless to say, the interest shown was great and everyone talked about the basket ball game. But when the team returned a victor with a score of 9-8, and the story of the game was told, the delight was much greater. Since then two more games have been played with the same team, each game resulting in a win for Rollins with scores of 9-2 and 7-0.

But of most interest were the two games with Stetson. Good natured rivalry between the schools has always been great, and when it was finally arranged for us to go to DeLand on Thanksgiving day, everyone sincerely hoped that Rollins would be the victor in the contest. When the boys returned on the eventful day, and told how they had carried off all the honors in both tennis and basket ball a shout of delight went up from the less fortunate who remained at home, and our determination was to win the next game of the series at Rollins to be played two weeks later. But it was not to be, for the DeLand boys recaptured half of the honors and now the results are even. So we are confronted with a third game, and it only remains for us to practice, practice, practice, and win it and cover ourselves with glory.

The regular gymnasium work has progressed uninterruptedly during the term under Mr. Navarro, the instructor, and the boys present a very pleasing appearance in their new suits as they work on the apparatus in the gymnasium.

Of late, tennis has been receiving its share of attention, and many of the newer players are learning the game quite rapidly, giving promise of considerable skill. A tournament has been suggested by various interested ones and it is to be hoped that it will be carried through.

Base ball is as yet a thing of the future, although with those who have played on the team in past years and with the new material there is every prospect of a team that will put up a good game against any other college in the state.

JOKES.

A PLAINT.

"Money to lend ! Money to lend !"
 Oh, that the Gods would some one send
 To soothe this ceaseless song of sorrow,
 For my watch is "in soak"
 And the boys are all "broke"
 And it's not a red cent I'm able to borrow.

Mr. and Mrs. T. and H. (observing compass).

Mr. T. Why does'nt that needle point southwest ?

Mr. H. Why should it ?

Mr. T. I thought Orlando was the centre of magnetism.

Why was Rollins a favorite resort last year ?

Because they had Mountain air (Montaner.)

Pinehurst Orchestra is now practicing one of Sousa's latest productions.

First Boy—What time did you get to bed last night ?

Second Boy—At a quarter of twelve.

Third Boy—I thought you told me it was at three.

Second Boy—Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve ?

P.of. B.—I suppose you remember that specimen we had last time.

Miss R.—Oh yes ; it was conundrum. (Corrundum.)

Define Burleigh.—Marge, Beth, Clara.

Professor Baker has some paper made of Talc, also an interesting Geological Hammer on exhibition in his laboratory.

Bets taken on any question at odds—Harmon, Herrick & Co. (Ltd.)

Orange Growers' Protective Association—Lakeside.

Mr. S.—Do you remember when J threw that lighted lamp at B ?

Mr. H.—No, but he must have been struck with de-light.

Conundrum : What does Buck catch the Dickens on the campus for ?

Professor Ford.—Mr. Hathaway, define rent.

Mr. H.—Rent is the remooneration. Applause.

Love's Labor Lost. Stewart.

OUR CLASSMATES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

"A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded;
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.—SADLER.

THE COLLEGE VENUS.

A lissome, blissome maiden, she,
Of age and aspect tender,
And her "athletic walk"—ah, me!
The sight doth love engender.

Great is Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet! True—once more—is the ancient saw that a man is without honor in his own country! There dwells one among us who was born to greatness! One who, at the tender age of seven or eleven, gathered shrimp on ice and made forty dollars in one day! Great is Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet! There dwells one among us who killed sixteen snipe, at one fell swoop, and in the might of his innocence willingly restored to them their unimperilled lives, contented to return and tell the story!! Great is Thompson and the SAND SPUR is his Prophet!!!

There's a youth I know,
(You know him too!)
With a grin like a Cheshire cat!
There 's a maid, also,
Whose eyes—not blue—
Froze "it," once, when he looked like that.

When Able Apt Accessible Wicks
Imparted some information
He hid his thoughts with such cunning care
Folks did not guess they were even there
And said " Why in Creation! "
" Instead of words of five-syllabled range
Does n't he give us two or three in change? "
We offer the recommendation!

A FEW NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLVED, That Mr. Pinkerton should stop uncorking bottles in public. It produces an expectant frame of mind.

RESOLVED, That Miss Hardaway should not threaten iconoclasm so frequently.

RESOLVED, That Orin should keep himself visible.

RESOLVED, That Herrick should not keep so close to the Sand-Spur as to wear it in his night Gown.

RESOLVED, That "Son" should not corner the market in small Lamps.

RESOLVED, That Ricardo should start a poultry farm, and that Pinkerton should corner the market in pigs.

COLLEGE LIFE.

A tired tire needed rest ;
It left its wheel and rider.
To earth the lady it consigned,
Then lay flat down beside her.

The other lady coming bump
Upon this big obstruction
Just fell off too, without ado.
Their names—we cannot mention.

The ladies twain were sore distressed
They viewed each other sadly,
Orlando still was far away.
They wanted it so badly.

But joy ! A team then hove in sight,
Its wheels all nicely tired,
A mule to furnish motive power,
Two men who were inspired !

They put that wheel into that cart,
The lady climbed in, too,
And then unto Orlando dear,
They all most gaily *flew*.

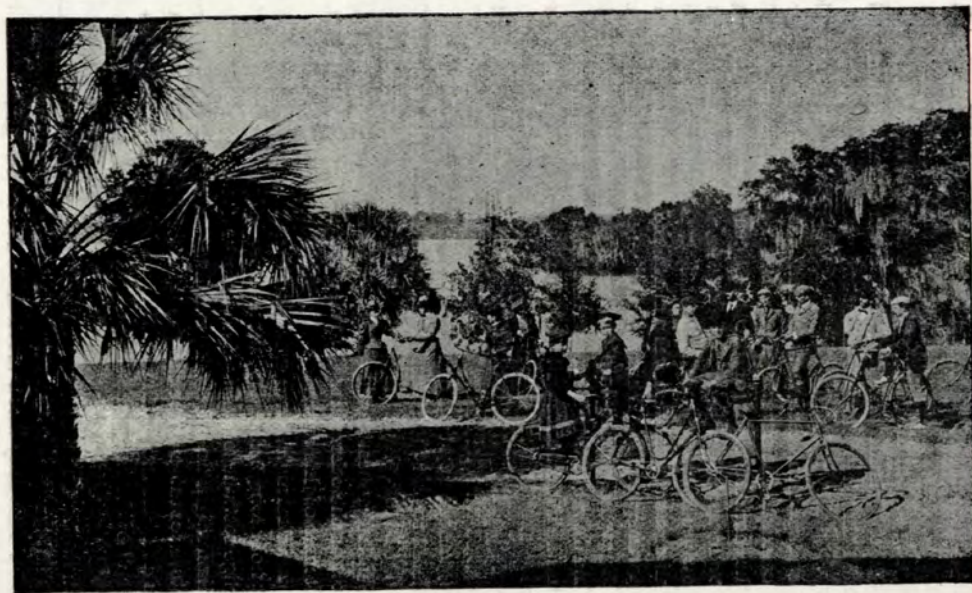
College and Tom's place are linked by such a strong tie that we often wonder what one could do without the other. In this Sybarite hall all important questions are debated. Sometimes quite weighty problems are discussed by Tom and the young ladies, each firmly believing his or her side to be right.

I am in a dilemma. I know something that should be revealed and yet I promised not to tell. I have consulted the editor of the SAND-SPUR about it (and of course the editor knows) and he says, "Tell it, tell it by all means, but for my sake be easy on the boys." Then he sagely remarked, "A bad promise is better broken than kept." I love to think on his youthful wisdom. It decided me. The promise rests with him that it shall go no further. On this account I agree to tell and shall consider it unwise to give details and names. Now by way of preparation I might say, it is not a matter of very serious import, except to the chief actors. And now my story begins.

A few weeks ago the Stetson boys were booked for a game of Basket Ball at Rollins. No, there was nothing funny about that, only

that our boys were beaten and were blue and green and white and yellow in consequence. Two days before the game two young men (I positively refuse to tell names, the editor knows, ask him), started about four p. m. with the college team to Orlando for b. b. shoes. I hope my mentioning the b. b. shoes will give no clue to names. A little explanation is necessary here and I trust I shall not be considered too critical in saying so, but the college horse is not over swift, that is to say one can walk to Orlando and make better time than the horse. This explains much that happened to these two young men. It rained. It was raining when they reached Orlando and was pouring when they left. These two young men were too conscientious to borrow an umbrella fearing the owner might never again see it. They started home. They say it was the darkest night of the 19th century. How they know this I do not question, they being of the G. W. type. They wended their way slowly and surely to within three-quarters of a mile of Winter Park when all of a sudden there was a crash and smash and they found themselves on the ground. What had happened it only took a moment to discern. They had dashed into a heavy two-horse team, (perhaps vice versa) the driver of which spent some time in saying how very sorry he was that he had knocked all the spokes out of one of their wheels, and then drove on. It was so comforting to the young men to know that he was sorry. It lightened their load, for remember by this time they were soaked; they had a big box of b. b. shoes to carry, the cushion from the wagon seat, besides a quantity of well-watered horse feed that they had offered to carry to Winter Park as a neighborly act, and the horse to lead. In this plight they reached the college. While stabling the horse, William appeared and asked, "where is the wagon?" O, — why we left it on the other side." It was too dark for William to see the indefiniteness of this reply.

Scene 2 That night there were two alarm clocks set for three a. m. At that hour long before day, these two young men might have been seen in negligé costume bringing that unfortunate wagon to the college, so that William might find it "on the other side" when he arrived. What a picture for three o'clock in the morning! A wagon on three wheels with a rail to supply the fourth, one young man seated on the protruding end of the rail as a balance for the wagon bed, and the other young man riding the horse and carrying a lantern. At the request of the young man that rode the rail they frequently changed positions. And now I shall leave it for the editor and one of the post-graduates, two gentlemen who really know much more about this affair than I do, to tell how the two young men dried their clothes in a closet with lamps. I close with a clear conscience.



A CYCLING PARTY.